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INTERESTING TOYS FOR PLAY-TIME

CELLULOID DOLLY



Big dolls are nice, of course, but when it comes to dolls to dress, a big doll isn't in it with a little doll like this one. This is a four-inch celluloid baby, that has movable arms and goldhas movable arms and goldenen hair, bound with a gay ribbon. She is just the right size to carry about with you, and if you go visiting and want to take a dolly along, she will fit into some corner of Mother's trunk or case as nicely as you please, and be no bother at all. If you have a doll-house, she is the best possible size to live in it. She stands alone, and you are sure to love her smile, and to enjoy making clothes for her.

IT'S A CUM-BAC



tin.

No matter where you roll it, on the level, or up hill or down, it will come back to you. This toy is well made you. This toy is well made of strong paper, gaily colored, and is provided with springs which make it cum-bac." The heads of the "cum-bac toys are made of Little people will enjoy this mysterious toy.

KATE GREENWAY PUZZLES



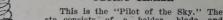
Two charming block puzzles for little people, in twenty pieces each. The puzzles are printed on reverse sides of the same blocks, so in addition to giving you some fun in selecting the right pieces for the right places, they also really and truly puzzle you, for you need to be sure that your piece is right side up for the puzzle you wish to put together. Guides come with the puzzles, showing Two charming block puzwith the puzzles, showing the two completed pictures— little Kate Greenway figures

in their quaint costumes



PAPER SEWING SET

Most little girls like to sew, and so do little boys, Most little girls like to sew, and so do little boys, too—not really, truly sewing, you know, like Mother does when makes your pretty clothes, but the easy kind with a big needle and a long strand of silk, the sort done in the picture just above. "Paper Sewing" we call it, because you sew through cardboard squares on which are printed pretty pictures, and when you are through, your pictures are outlined in silk. This is the nicest sort of sewing for little fingers. There is a skein of silk with each set, and pictures of all sorts of things from a sail-boat to a backet.





This is the "Pilot of the Sky." The ste consists of a holder, blade and cord, all exceptionally well finished, and ready for use, and provides fun for little kiddies and big ones as well. A pull on the cord sends the blade out of the holder high into the air. You can have "flying" contests with this toy, and you will be able to think of lots of other games to play with this fascinating Tinker. Requires and developes skill in Tinker. Requires and developes skill in operating. A splendid out-of-door toy for active children, and one that will keep them happy and busy.



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This fine new nickle police whistle is just what every boy wants. It is well made, almost five inches long, and when blown upon emits a long, piercing blast that can be heard for a great distance. Has a ring by which it may be fastened to a chain or a key and carried in your pocket. A great convenience on scouting hikes, camping-hikes, berrying expeditions, and picnics.



KNOCKDOWN KITES

Boys, here is everything you need to make a kite that will fly better than any you ever had. It comes complete, ready to put together with full directions. They are easy to make and great fun. Each outfit contains hardwood sticks, heavy fibre paper covering, string for frame, etc. enough for two kites.

Some day, when there is a good kite wind, ask same of your chums to come over and have a kite party. You can make your kites together and then go out and fly them. Your sister and her girl friends will enjoy kite-flying and kite-making as much as you do, but the boys and girls who have these knockdown kites will win most contests.

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Was there ever a girl who didn't like to jump rope? The one we offer is rope? The one we offer is made of select, strong, durable rope, with fine polished handles, all ready for a skip and a jump the minute you take it from the package. Jumping rope is good exercise if it isn't overdone, and most every little girl would be delighted to own a fine jump-rope like to own a fine jump-rope like this one. It will last a long time and give you many hours of fun.

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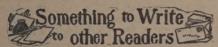


SOMETHING IMPORTANT

HIS is the LETTER BAG SPECIAL of which we fold you last month. We hope you will enjoy it and write to us yourself. If you like this SPECIAL, perhaps we can plan another later in the year. Would you like that?

Will Elizabeth Sherman, who lives in Massachusetts, please send her full address to Georgie Lee Muldrow, 319 W. Whitner St., Anderson, S. C., who has lost it.

You are all invited to send to the Something To Do Department such things as commdrums, cooking recipes that you yourself have used, games, directions for making playthings, stories and poems for the contests that are your own work, letters about your collections. you parties, your Home Guard Clubs, in fact, anything you wish. This is YOUR magazine.



Ione Love, Snohomish, Washington, would like a correspondent in any other state, who is twelve or thirteen years old.

Fanny Martin, Fredericksburg, Indiana, would like to have anyone born on October 11, 1908, write to her. She would especially like to hear from a girl in Florida.

Frances Pyle would like to hear from four-teen-year-old boys or girls in Virginia or Ne-braska. Her address is Calexico, Calif.

Inez Kempf, R. F. D. 1, Box 64, Goodhue, Minnesota, would like to hear from any readers.

Alice Keefe, 2606 ½ Central Ave., Los Angeles, California, would like to hear from thirteen-year-old boys and girls anywhere.

Kathryn Minick, Mt. Oreb, Ohio, will send her picture to anyone writing to her who was born on December 10th. She is twelve years old.

Georgia Curtis, Center Point, Kentucky, would like to hear from some little girl, nine years of age, who lives in California, Cuba or China.

Clide Curtis, Center Point, Kentucky, would like to hear from someone in Japan or the Philippine Islands.

Della B. Curtis, Center Point, Kentucky, would like a correspondent in Illinois or Indiana.

Edna Earl Williams, Box 104, Greenbrier, Arkansas, would like to hear from a Campfire girl who will tell her about the organization.

Bessie Morris, Conroe, Texas, would like to hear from children ten or eleven years old living in Massachusetts, Kentucky, Hawaii or Japan.



Dear "Little Folks":—I have several collections. I am proud of my Christmas seal collection, and I collect Christmas cards, too. Also, I have one of stamps. My stamps are not very valuable, but I have some foreign ones. My brother has a large and valuable collection that was my uncle's.

Caroline Maury.

Fruitvale, Calif. Dear "Little Folks":- I have a collection of money of different sorts.

Dorothy Duhem.

Cambridge, N. Y. Dear "Little Folks":- I would like to have some children that live in coast states to please send me some shells for my collection.

Dorothy Danyue.

Springfield, Ohio.
Dear "Little Folks":—I would like to exchange some pressed flowers with some little girl in the eastern, southern or western states or Canada. I will try to answer all letters that you write. My address is R. F. D. 9. Grace P. Layton.

Ambridge, Pa. Dear "Little Folks":-I wish some children who read this magazine would please send me some foreign or U. S. stamps, as I am collecting them. My address is 700 Merchant St. Charles Hettinger.

St. Clairsville, Ohio. Dear "Little Folks":--I am collecting the names of birds I have seen. Some of them are the male and female American red-bird. English sparrow, wood-pecker, Baltimore oriole, robin, house-wren, crow, tame parrot and tame canary. Mary A. McRoberts.



Something From

Far Away

The Letter Bag



Orchard, Colo. Dear "Little Folks": I am very, very sorry that I can not live up to my promise of answering all your letters privately, but as I have received one hundred and sixty-nine up to this date, I knew that I could not do justice and answer all the letters the way I want to; so I decided to write a long letter and put it in my favorite magazine, Little Folks. I will try to describe myself, so you will know what I am like. I am four feet and nine inches tall, and weigh eighty pounds. I have light hair, which I wear in curls, and blue eyes. As one little girl guessed, I am half French and Scotch-English. I have two sisters, both married. My birthday is September 4th. In many of the letters that I receive, they think that I live on a barren plain. Our ranch is very different from that. We have a large wild hay meadow of five hundred acres, and farm of about two hundred acres. About one hundred acres is covered with cottonwood trees, and the rest is pasture, where we keep our fifty horses in the summer. The South Platte river runs about a quarter of a mile from our house. We pasture our cattle on Government land in the summer, which is north of us. We have three small lakes on our place. They are in the woods. One lake is back of our house about two hundred feet. It is a quarter of a mile long and fifty feet wide in the widest place. The other two lakes are up in the woods about a mile away. We call them the Beaver lakes, as there is a large beaver colony that occupies the two lakes. They have there many dams and feed piles. They have there many dams and reed piles. It is quite interesting to watch their work and how they live. I will now describe my riding horses. Rocky is a pinto, weighs 750 lbs., and is twelve hands high. He is larger than a Shetland. You can not drive Rocky, as he will sit down in the shafts, and will as he will sit down in the snarts, and will refuse to budge. He is only a riding horse, and I am glad, because a driving horse never makes a good riding horse. Gray is my favorite horse. He is a large gray horse weighing 1010 lbs. We do not work any of our riding horses, so Gray is only ridden. He is our best cow horse, as he how to keep after the animal and knows how to keep after the animal and turn him without your help. He is a good neckreiner, which comes in handy in driving cattle. He can jump higher and better than

both Rocky and Joker. Joker is another horse that I ride sometimes. He is short and chunky, weighing 1050 pounds, and cannot run as fast as Gray. I do not ride Joker very much, as I am unable to get on alone, because he whirls. He is all right after you get on, though he scares easily. He is gray with red freckles. One day last fall, my brother, Homer, and I were riding Gray and Rocky on our return from Devil's Gap. I was not paying close attention to Rocky, and as he was feeling extra fine, he decided to go under a low hanging branch. He did, and before I knew I was hanging on the side of the modern the side of the modern than the side of I knew I was hanging on the side of the saddle. The limb struck me in the mouth which caused it to bleed for a while. I finally slowed him down, and got back in the saddle. One other time, last fall, we were going over the bluffs, Homer rode Gray, so he took the lead. We started to cross the river where we knew there was no quicksand, and turned up stream. Gray waded up the stream, but Rocky, the little monkey, decided to keep to the left bank, as he did not like to wade up the river. The first thing he knew, he was in a deep hole with six feet of water. I was riding bareback that day, so I had to hang to his mane. I was sitting in water for a while. I was soaked up to my waist. I immediately went home, while Homer went on up to Riverside pasture and got the milch cows. We did not go to the bluffs that day. Some have asked me to describe Devil's Gap. It is a large gul-ly four miles down the river on the south side. There is a sheer wall on one side while another wall, but not so steep, is on the east side. In the middle of the gap there is a large mound of dirt which resembles a steamboat. My father tells some great Indian stories of this gap. It used to be the old road from Sterling to Denver in Indian times. My father helped run a "train" across the plains for four years. When I was nine months old, I went with Papa and Mama to France. We went over on the steamship La Provence, a French ship, and came back on the Virginian, an English ship. Both were sunk in the early part of the war. We went over in six days. We reached Paris on the second of July, then went to my aunt's home at Chateau. She was very glad to see us. During the war she spent many hours in her cave to keep out of reach of the German long fire gun.

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SOMETHING FROM FAR-AWAY

(Continued from page 306)

We visited Orville where Papa was born, and many other small cities. We were in the Palace at Versailles, where the Peace Conference was held. I have a cousin nineteen years old, who has written to me several times in English. He can both speak and write the language. His father was an officer in the French army. When we returned, we came by the way of England. We landed at New Haven. The sea was very rough going over, and we were all very sick. Coming back we passed a school of whales. I want to say again that I am very sorry I am not able to answer all the letters that I have received. I have certainly enjoyed all of your letters and wish I had the time to answer them all. I have over fifty letters from Ohio and Penn. alone. I have received many pictures, for which I thank you. Annette Giradot.

Jennings Lodge, Ore.

Dear "Little Folks":—I do not take you at present, but I have taken you for a long, long time, and now my cousin takes you and I enjoy you as much as ever if not more. I live between Oregon City and Portland. street car passes every thirty minutes, so it's easy to get to either place and still not live in the city. I live on the Willamette River, In the spring there are lots of boats on the river fishing for salmon. The reason this is such a good place to fish is because the locks are just below here at Oregon City, and the fish can't get over them. In the evening when the sun is low in the west, Mt. Hood looks like an enormous dish of ice-cream (it really looks good enough to eat, because the snow is always on it). I used to live in the south, where there are so many negroes; but out here they seem to be a kind of curiosity. It seems so queer to see so few of them. Any way, they aren't at all like the southern negroes. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade, but I enjoy reading you to my smaller sister even though I am twelve. I have been out here for a little over a year, but before I came all my friends were sure I would be in an Indian massacre before a month was over. I would like to hear from someone in foreign lands, especially Japan or Hawaii, because I hope to visit them some day. I would be glad to describe my part of the country or the south, to have theirs described. I would like to hear from anyone twelve years of age. Ada Rush.

Oil City, Pa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have watched the
Letter Bag every month to see if a letter from Pennsylvania was requested, but since none have been asked for, I will write myself. The town in which I live is noted for its oil. It is not an unusual sight to see an oil well or

derrick, for Oil City is surrounded by them. I am thirteen years old and am in the seventh grade. I have taken Little Folks for some time and like it very much. Every month when I have read Little Folks from cover to cover, I hand it over to a little nine-year-old girl who has been ill all winter. She stays by herself all day, for her mother is a sales-lady in a large furniture store. I have a little sister four years old whose name is Jane Elizabeth, and a brother whose name is Robert E. Lee. They call him "The General." I attend Junior High School, which is the largest and most prominent building in the city. I would like to hear from a certain little girl whose name is Alice McCormack, and who lives in Cells, Arizona. If she isn't a subscriber to Little Folks, would someone from that locality please write to me?

Eva M. Lee

Tucson, Ariz. Dear "Little Folks":—I am sending you a glimpse of Mexican life—the spice of it, not the drudgery, the patient toilings of our Mexican friends, but the joy, the gladness of it all. This is the story of an imaginary journey to a Mexican town on San Raphael's day.

THE FIESTA OF SAN RAPHAEL

Ah, here we are in the market place, which looks more like the rainbow. Everyone is happy, everyone having a good time. There is Padre Leon. Even his solemn face is smiling, and he has red, white and green ribbons on his robe. Where is his sister? Oh, I see, here, that woman with the purple and white geese-what a difference a can of paint does make, to be sure! And there is Senora Flores, the ones on the red and green burro. The senor is in that group of men on the left drinking mescale. Most likely he will be so drunk tonight that she will have to walk home. But what cares she? And there is Senor Anaya, and Senor Alvarado—but one gate tired seeing all these drunkers people. gets tired, seeing all these drunken people, you know.

Let us see the children. Ah! There they are, with their black curls flying in the air and their red, yellow, green, purple, orange and—oh, every color ever heard of and some that haven't been. There the Juanitas and the Juanas, the Pedros and Pablos, Roquels and Enriques gather dancing around the tree, eating tamales, and little Pablo is even consuming a tortilla. Pedro—ah, the bad boy!—is painting Senora Manna's dog green. See him look at her to see if she sees. Ah! the dog has got away and—oh, look! he's brushing the paint off on Senor Anaya.

But now we must go, and so, as the flashing colors fade from our sight, let us say in the words of our Mexican friends, "Adios!" Kenneth Davidson.

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EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

SOMETHING FROM FAR-AWAY

(Continued from page 308)

San Juan, Porto Rico.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you for only a few months, but I think you are the best magazine I have ever had. I live on the island of Porto Rico, which is one of the West Indies. We never have snow. It is always hot, warm or cool, but never cold. I live on a farm, where we raise oranges and grapefruit. I have never seen snow. When in the United States you are having snow, our fruit trees are bearing. I hope someone will answer this letter.

Marjorie Dunham. Rancagu, Chile.

Dear "Little Folks":—I take you and enjoy you very much. I live in Chile, South America, in an exclosed place with a wall all around it. There are seven houses in this enclosed place. I can speak Spanish very well, but not as well as Mother. I have a dog named True, and he is the sweetest little black dog I have ever seen. I have six cats, and four of them are kittens. The people here are very interesting, with their odd customs and houses. I am eleven years old, and will be twelve in August. Marion Craig.

Greeley, Colo.

Dear "Little Folks":—My father was a forest ranger in the Rocky Mountains, and last summer he and I left the Ranger Station for a trip over his district. It was a very nice day and we thought we would have a fine trip. As we intended to be gone about a week, we took a pack-horse besides the two saddle-horses. The pack-horse carried our tent, food and bedding. Our trip was all through the mountains. When we had gone about eighteen miles, we saw some mountain sheep. One had very large horns. We saw a coyote and heard a mountain lion and saw its tracks. One day we went fishing and caught many fish. When we were going home, Father and I rode one horse, and Father had to get off his back, and the horse threw me off his back and I bumped my head. I am ten years old, and live at 1517 8th Ave.

Robert O. Wible.

Leechburg, Pa. Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for five years and look forward to your coming every month. My birthday was on Valentine's Day and I was ten years old. I am in the fourth grade. I have a nice, big yard to play in, with lots of trees and grass. We have one of the Little Folks wren houses in our back yard. Some wrens nested in it and raised two broods. We expect to get another wren house this year. We also had a pair of bluebirds nesting in our mail-box until some bad boys disturbed them, taking the eggs from the nest. The birds didn't come back until last week. We fixed their box again this year. Daddy got us a fox-terrier. He is tan and white and we call him Spots. He likes ice-cream and candy. I have a big sister and a little sister. I would like someone to write to me from California.

Laura J. Elwood.

Washington, D. C. Dear "Little Folks":- I take "Little Folks" and like it very much. I am nearly eleven was born in Seattle, Washington, and later lived in Victory, B. C., for four years, and then in the state of New York. We came to Washington when the United States went into the war. My father is an architect and has had charge of making plans for army hospitals which have been built all over the U. S. My sister, Elizabeth Dorothy, is eight years old, and my baby sister, Martha Louise, is almost two. We have seen many interesting things here—the Capitol, Congressional Library, White House, Museums, Washington Monument and the Zoo Park. I have been to George Washington's home at Mount Vernon, and to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va. I saw General Pershing leading a big parade, and I also saw the King, Queen and Prince of Belgium when they were here. One day we went up to Harper's Ferry and saw John Brown's old fort and the place where he fought to free the slaves. On our vacation last summer we went to New York - City, and then by boat up the Hudson River to Albany. My uncle met us with his auto to Albany. My uncle met us with his auto and took us to his house on Brant Lake about twenty miles north of Lake George in the Adirondack Mountains. We had a great time swimming, fishing and blueberrying. We took auto trips all through the Adirondacks, visited Nature Bridge, Schroon Lake, Lake George, Fort Ticonderoga, Tongue Mountain, Lake Placid, Saranac Lake and Tupper Lake. After a mount in the Adiron-Tupper Lake. After a month in the Adirondacks, we visited my grandparents at Mile Bay. This bay is part of Lake Ontario and about six miles from the St. Lawrence River. We had great fun here for six weeks and caught many black bass and pickerel and went in swimming often. We spent much time in my father's boat on this pretty bay. Now we are back in Washington, at 923 Shepherd St. N. W., and I wish some boys and girls about my age would write to me.

Robert M. Hamilton.

Walton, N. Y Dear "Little Folks":--I am eight years old and in the fourth grade at school. I have to cross the Delaware River to go to school. We have very nice schools in Walton. I like Little Folks very much. I have taken it for five years. I live in a big house and my father is a doctor. We have Junior Chautauqua here and I enjoy it very much. The hills in Walton are very beautiful. I haven't any pets but I have lots of dolls. We have a nice Municipal Building. Eugenia Gould.

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SOMETHING TO COOK

J ANIE and Ruthie had just decided to have a party for the dolls, and Ruthie was writing invitations to Priscilla Marie and Isabel Guinevere, the next-door dolls, on the cunning, really-truly doll stationery that Mother had given Rose-Ann and Ruth-Jane for Christmas, when Janie came dancing into the room with a letter the post-man had just brought.

Ruthie and Janie always opened their letters together, and this time they both squealed with delight when they had read it.

"Isn't it the loveliest luck!" cried Janie

hugging Ruthie.

"Just as if she knew we were wondering what to make for the party" cried Ruthie,

squeezing Janie.

The letter, you see, was from a Little
Folks reader who had sent the Playroom

Cooks a fine, new recipe. She wrote: Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Dear Playroom Cooks:

Here is a recipe for Thimble Biscuits which I thought other readers would like to make. These biscuits are nice for a dolls' tea-party.

THIMBLE BISCUITS

1 c. flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tbsp. butter, scant ½ c. milk, ¼ tsp. salt. You need a hot oven and a greased pan.

First sift the flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Second, rub the butter lightly into the flour. Third, pour the milk on gradually, mixing all the while with a knife until a soft dough is formed. Perhaps not all the milk will be needed. Turn the dough out on a well floured board, pat it with the rolling-pin until it is 1/4 inch thick, Use a large thimble as a cutter, and cut biscuits as close to each other as possible. Place in a pan a little distance apart. Bake about five minutes.

Arlene Dickerman.

"And she wants girls in Washington, D. C. and in Canada to write to her, too," said Janie, turning over the page and finding the postscript she hadn't seen before.

But after the dolls and their mothers had eaten the cunning biscuits, hot from the oven and spread with butter and honey, Ruthie said, "I don't care if we don't live in either of these two class." of those two places. I'm going to write to her and tell her what a lovely recipe that is, and how glad we are to have it.

Maybe others of you will feel the same way after you have served these baby biscuits at your own party. And here's a secret—Ruthie and Janie have christened them

SOMETHING TO PLAY

THE MERRY CAME OF SARDINES

BY B. W. ELSOM

N stormy afternoons, when boys and girls are wishing for some active game

that they can play indoors, there is nothing finer than the game of "Sardines."
"Sardines" is most fun when there are five or six players or even more. It is played just the reverse of "Hide and Seek"—instead of the player who is "It" searching for the rest of the players, in this game "It" hides himself, and all the rest of the players must search for him.

All the players must stay in one room, with the door closed, while "It" goes out and hides in some nook or corner or closet in the rest of the house. Then all the players start out to search.

Anyone who discovers the hiding-place of "It" must crawl quietly in beside him, and hide with him. He, of course, must be care-

ful not to betray the hiding-place to others. If any of the other players are near when he discovers the hiding-place, he may go about elsewhere, as if he were still searching. Then he will return as soon as the coast is clear, and creep in with the hiding player.

Each player thus crowds into the hiding-place as he discovers "It", until the players are soon squeezed into this nook as tight as "sardines." This is what gives the game its name. It is hard for the players who are squeezed into the hiding-place to keep from giggling or laughing, but of course they must be as still as mice, so that they will not re-veal their hiding-place to the ones who are still searching.

At last there is only one player still searching, and this player must then be "It" for the next game.

To Get a Real Watch FREE

These Watches Are Not Toys



Girls' Watch

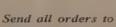
If ever a piece of good fortune fell to the lot of the little girl who wants a wrist watch, it has certainly fallen now; for here is the most unusual chance you ever imagined to own a real watch without spending more than two cents, if you so desire.

This beautiful, gold-filled, stem-wound, Trinity movement watch has a ten-year guarantee and is not, you see, a toy, but a standard time-piece, with which you will be delighted. Both the link bracelet and the watch case are plain, and the latter may be engraved with your initials by your local jeweler, if you wish. Watch and bracelet come in an attractively lined leather case, and

this desirable little time-keeper will come to you for \$10, cash, or for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to Little Folks, plus \$9. To get it at an even greater reduced cost, send two such subscriptions and \$8, or three and \$7. For each additional subscription we will deduct \$1 from the cash price of the watch, so that for ten new yearly subscriptions you can have the watch absolutely FREE. Isn't that worth an effort—for such a watch?

BOYS, This Is YOUR Watch!

It's a dandy, too—just the sort of watch you'll be proud to take out of your pocket and show the other boys. It is a nickel-plate, stemwinder, Manhattan movement, with a ten-year guarantee, so you may be sure you're getting a regular watch and not just a make-believe one. The cash price of this watch is \$4, but you may reduce the price by the same method as described for the girls' watch above: one new yearly subscription (not your own) and \$3—four such subscriptions will bring the watch FREE.



LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, : : : : SALEM, MASS.



Boys' Watch



OUR POLICEMAN

BY KATHERINE FORBES

THE big policeman on our street
Is very shining, clean and neat.
I wonder if his mother stands
To watch him wash his face and hand
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LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIV

MAY, 1921

No. 7



MOTHER had been wishing for a flower garden ever since they had come from England to live in a small mining town, away up in the mountains of Colorado.

Father said again and again, "Oh! yes, I will spade up a bit of ground for Mother just as soon as I get time;" but, after working hard all day in the mines, he would come home at night so tired that Mother did not have the heart to remind him of his promise.

Big brother John, too, would say, "Now, Mother, you have been waiting for that garden a long time. Next week I shall make a start at it." But next week and the week after would pass and John, who also worked in the mines, was always too tired, or else wanted to go to the moving pictures, or to some other amusement in the evening.

Sister Belle promised Mother that she would go to the store, two miles distant, as soon as school was over, and buy the seeds; and when they had the seeds, Father, or John, would

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surely spade up the ground, so they could have the garden.

Mother had sprained her knee some months previously, and, even now, was going around the house on crutches, so it was out of the question for her to walk four miles.

Sister Belle, however, kept putting off the trip to the store. She had lessons to learn, her friends to see, a new book to read, or something else to do.

Little brother Bertie heard all these excuses from Father, big brother John, and sister Belle—but said nothing. He was determined that dear Mother should have a garden.

Bertie was just recovering from an attack of measles, and he did not seem very strong, so Mother thought he had better stay home from school a while and play out of doors as much as possible.

One fine morning, after Father and big brother John had gone to the mines, and sister Belle to school, Bertie hunted around and found an empty box; then he took his wheelbarrow to a pile of earth nearby, where some men were digging a cellar for a new house, and trundled load after load to his box. He did this because he was not strong enough to spade up the hard ground.

Mother was busy in the house. She looked out two or three times, saw Bertie with his wheel-barrow and thought he was just playing.

When sister Belle came back from school in the afternoon, Bertie had finished filling the box with earth and was collecting some old flower-pots to fill with earth for Mother's garden.

"What are you doing, dear?" said Belle.

"Making a garden for Mother," said Bertie, "for her birth-day tomorrow."

Then Bertie showed her what he had done.

"You darling!" said Belle. "Sister is so ashamed; but she will go right off now to the store and buy some flower seeds for Mother with her own money. I was going to buy handkerchiefs, but Mother would a good deal rather have flower seeds. I shall be back in time for tea, and after tea we shall tell Father and John and see what they will do."

After tea, sister Belle coaxed Father and John out to the yard and showed them what little Bertie had done all by himself, and Bertie told Father that sister Belle had bought seeds for Mother's garden.

Then Father and big brother John were both conscience-stricken and thought of the many excuses they had made.

Father put his hand on Bertie's shoulder, saying, "I am proud of my little son: he is more of a man than either Father, or big brother John, because he has done his best to give dear Mother something for which she has been longing."

Then Father got a shovel, threw off his coat, and began to spade up a piece of ground at one side



BERTIE COLLECTED SOME OLD FLOWER POTS

of the house. He asked John to go at once to the store and buy both flower and vegetable seeds for the new garden, and he whispered in his ear to buy a ball and bat for little Bertie.

Father said that sister Belle had better plant her flower seeds in Bertie's box and flower pots, and that would be their birth-day present to dear Mother; the garden would be from him and John.

Father and John worked late that evening, and next morning

they were up at sunrise to finish the garden for Mother's birth-day.

Mother was so surprised when Bertie led her out to see the two gardens. She just sat down and hugged Bertie and cried for joy and said she felt so happy that she was sure she could walk without her crutches—and she did. And Bertie's joy over his new ball and bat was almost as great as Mother's over her gardens.

COME AND PLAY A GAME WITH ME

BY ETHEL MARJORIE KNAPP

ESTER says that she believes
Every time she goes to walk,
All the merry, dancing leaves
Try their very best to talk,
Calling to her from the tree,
"Come and play a game with me!"

Hester says that when she lies In the high-grown orchard grass, Every little bird that flies, All the honey bees that pass, Call, with voices strange and wee, "Come and play a game with me!"

So she hears it every day.
Is it any wonder then,
Hester often comes to say,
As the night draws on again,
In the twilight after tea,
'Come and play a game with me!



WHEN Betsey came down to supper one night, she looked through the windows to see Father and Mother sitting on the piazza. Mother sat rocking comfortably in her little rocking-chair, and Father sat rocking comfortably in his big one beside the rambler rose.

"There," said Betsey to herself, "that is one thing Mrs. Delight ought to have—a piazza."

Now the minute Betsey thought of a piazza, she began to think how she could make one. She never dreamed of asking Mother to ask a carpenter to build a piazza for her cunning doll-house. For Betsey was a very clever little carpenter herself, whenever the House of Delight needed an addition. And, of course, like any little girl nine years old, Betsey was an excellent dolls' dressmaker.

When Norah called everyone to supper, Betsey had planned how to make such a darling little piazza railing that she was smiling all over.

"What is it now?" asked Father. "A three-ring circus?"

"No," said Betsey seriously. "A piazza."

Tom took a brown biscuit and looked up. "You can't make a piazza. Bets," he said. "It will fall down if you make it out of paper."

"But I'm not going to make it out of paper," returned Betsey.
"Call me when you get it done," said Tom. "I'd like to see a
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girl make a piazza that will hold a heavy man like Mr. Delight."

Betsey did not mind Tom's teasing very much, because she had such a lovely time playing with her dolls. And there was not a single piece of furniture in the House of Delight yet, that

JUST LIKE A REAL PIAZZA

wasn't strong enough to hold the little china dolls.

So after Betsey ate her last strawberry and every bit of the cream and sugar, she asked to be excused. Mother was used to this. She let Betsey go with a smile.

Once up in the playroom where the little house stood, Betsey went directly to her work-table. She glanced once at the House of Delight. Mrs. Delight and her husband sat in the little drawing-room, each with a tiny book.

"That's just what I thought," said Betsey to herself. "A warm night like this! It's too bad to sit in a stuffy room!"

So she made Mr. Delight put his book on the table.

Then she walked him over to the little sofa and let him sit down beside his wife.

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Delight, "that we would use a piazza a great deal if we had one, Edith."

"Indeed we should, William," said Mrs. Delight, shutting her book. "It would be a fine place for the baby to sleep in her carriage, and a fine place for us to sit after supper. Not a large piazza, you know."



"That's exactly what I mean," said Mr. Delight. "Just about large enough for a few chairs."

"With four pillars!" said Mrs. Delight.

"And two steps!" said her husband.

"And a rambler rose!" said both together.

Then Betsey left them talking and proceeded to get her tools in order. Now, Betsey's piazza was made of a bright red stocking box, six inches by twelve: but if any little girl wants a larger piazza, all she needs to do, is to use a larger box. A cunning little back porch, just right for a clothesline to hold the little dish-towels and for the milk bottle, can be made of a small box. Just follow Betsey's directions, and you will have a piazza just as useful as one of wood.

First Betsey took her box cover off and set the box upside down before her. She covered it with green wall-paper just, the color of the house itself. Then she pasted on a piece of darker green rough wall-paper for a Crex rug. Now, of course the box cover was almost exactly the size of the box. So Betsey tore off the sides of the cover, leaving a flat piece of heavy pasteboard. She cut the little railing from this. You can see where she cut, on the dotted lines, clipping out a little 3 inch piece for a place for steps.

Then she went all along this narrow railing with a large needle, punching holes ½ inch apart. Into each hole she stuck a round toothpick. Flat tooth-picks are not good for this. This little railing just fitted the piazza. Betsey punched holes in the edge of the box in which to stick the other end of the toothpicks. She was sure to get the holes exactly opposite, because before she put in any toothpicks at all, she laid the little rail down on the edge of the piazza floor, and marked the places with her needle.

This part was fussy, for just as soon as Betsey got one toothpick in, another came out. But Betsey was a very patient carpenter, and was willing to fuss. The little railing certainly looked well enough to pay for the trouble, and it was so strong that Mr. Delight could lean against it without a wobble.

Next came pillars. Betsey always kept a bag of empty spools on hand. She glued four spools together for each pillar. (Do not use paste, for it will not stick. Use glue, and let it stand until very dry.)

Betsey glued a pillar in each corner of the little piazza, which now began to look very piazzary indeed.

While the glue was drying, Betsey got another stocking box. She used the cover of this for a roof. She broke the rim off the two short sides, and one long side. She was just about to rip off the other long side, and had bent it out a little, when she saw how much it looked like an awning! So she covered it with white paper, and made red stripes on it with a crayon, and finished it with a scalloped red and white border just like a real one.

Glue was put on the top of each spool-pillar, and the roof laid carefully on. Betsey put a weight over each corner just to be sure that the glue touched the roof.

A wonderful baby rambler was soon climbing up to the side of the piazza. It had great clusters of tiny pink tissue paper roses, and many green wire branches, and was held in place by tiny straps of surgeons' plaster.

"All done but the steps," said Betsey. As she said this, she carried the piazza across the room, and set it carefully down

on one side of the house. Then she shoved a little block of wood up to it for a step. Then she just clapped her hands even if there was nobody to hear.

The next day she invited her family up to the playroom. Mrs. Delight was sitting on one side of the piazza in her little rocking chair. Mr. Delight sat in his big chair by the rambler rose. Dumpling sat in the center by the baby-carriage.

Tom went over and shook the railing. "It is strong," he admitted.

And Father and Mother laughed and laughed, and Father said to Mother, on his way downstairs, "If I could get a carpenter to finish a new piazza as soon as that, and as pleasantly, I'd have another one myself!"

A RIDDLE RHYME

6

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT

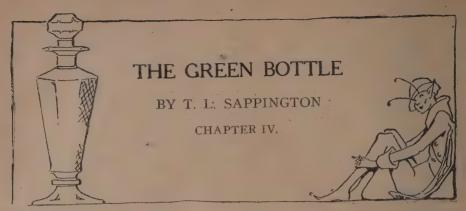
I LIVE in the house with Tommy, Though nobody bids me stay— Indeed, every one of the family Would like to drive me away.

I woke up, they say, the Baby, Asleep in the Grandma's lap; I spoiled, so I heard him tell Grandma, The Grandpa's afternoon nap.

They drove me away from table,
Away from the window, too;
They whisk me from books and from pictures,
And scold, whatever I do.

So Tommy was set to catch me; And, oh, how Tommy did try! But Tommy, he never will catch me, Because, you see, I'm a! The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip hungry!" "So am I," said little Trip. "Where is the luncheon with the and the and the ?" dear, dear!" said again. "I'm afraid we left the luncheon with the and the and the behind the big where we sat down to rest." "Well, well!" said . "I see a ahead and I'm sure there are delicious (D) hanging on the An so they ran and they ran, and sure enough there were delicious hanging on the , but they were so high up that could not reach them and was as smooth and straight as a , so he could not climb it. "And we have no said Peter. "Whatever shall we do now?" "Trust me," said So they went and they went till Rat-tat! They heard a driving in \ and there was Mr. Giraffe mending the roof of his there. "Dear, dear!" groaned Mr., reaching down to pick up a 1. "Why do you groan, Mr. "?"

asked little dog Trip. "Because little Tim, the spilt my of nails all over the ground," said "and it gives me a crick in my long every time I reach down to pick up a 1 ." "Well, well!" said . "My master has a short and so have I. We will pick up the M for you." So they picked up the and put them in the and ran into the and up the and handed the out of the to Mr. Giraffe. And Rat-tat! The drove the In so fast that in less than no time the was mended as good as new. "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "We'd like to have some off the high ," said . "Nothing easier," said . And away he ran to the banana and reached up his long and picked a great bunch of , and before you could say Jack Robinson, Peter and were sitting on the grass eating those nice ripe bananas.



H'M!" said the Professor, rubbing his nose. "Let me think. I have it! We'll go to Fragrant Fairyland Farms! You'll like that, I'm sure."

"Fine!" cried Tommy. "Fragrant Fairyland Farms! It sounds splendid!"

Now Fragrant Fairyland Farms were what is known as the garden spot of Fragrant Fairyland. That is, it was there that all the flowers were grown for the making of the wonderful Fragrant Fairyland Perfumes. And when Professor Smell-good and Tommy got back to the laboratory and the Professor twisted a pink knob in the golden indicator, led Tommy down another sparkling pathway, and brushed aside a pink curtain, Tommy gave a shout of delight.

"Oh," he cried, "this is the kind of place I like. This beats ancient Rome and medieval Paris all hollow. My, how awfully pretty it is."

And indeed Fragrant Fairyland Farms was pretty, for the fields of flowers gave it the appearance of a rainbow. To the east, and the west, and the north and the south stretched acres and acres of roses, violets, jonquils, mignonette, geraniums, carnations—in fact, blooms of every conceivable color and scent; and here and there in the midst of all this beauty were dotted the Fragrant Fairyland farm-houses, roofed with gold and silver that glittered in the sunshine. Professor Smellgood, observing the boy's enthusiasm, smiled good naturedly.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad we've found a place you like at last. And, to tell the truth, I like it myself."

Then snapping his fingers at a passing butterfly, he climbed on its back, pulled Tommy up after him, and instructed the driver to take them to Farmer Marigold's place. And with a flirt of its brilliant wings, away swept the butterfly as though

it carried nothing but its own airv self.

"Goodness," cried Tommy, "isn't this splendid! Just like being in an aeroplane, only better. Maybe the other boys won't be surprised when I tell them I rode on a butterfly."

Over this field, and that field; over vast groves of orange trees where the blossoms were in full bloom; then rising higher as they came to hillsides where thyme and lavender grew, went the strange winged steed. And when at last it volplaned to the gate of



FARMER MARIGOLD OPENED THE DOOR

planed to the gate of Farmer Marigold's cottage, Tommy, gave a sigh of regret.

"Aw, what's the use of stopping here?" he said. "Let's go on a little further. I never had such a ride in my life."

"No, sir-ee," said Professor Smellgood, hopping off the butterfly's back and extending his hand to Tommy, "we're not going any further. Business is business, and this butterfly and his driver don't scoot around the country for fun. I'm sorry, but you'll have to get down."

So Tommy, looking very much disappointed, jumped off the butterfly and followed Professor Smellgood into the farmhouse,

4 100

Farmer Marigold, a round, fat fairy, with a battered morning glory upside down on his head for a hat, opened the door for them.

"Hello, Farmer," said Professor Smellgood."

"Good morning, Professor," replied Farmer Marigold. "What can I do for you today?"

"Well," said Professor Smellgood, bringing Tommy forward, "this is Tommy Totten who is studying under me just now. I'd like to leave him with you for a couple of weeks so he can sort of round out his education. How about it?"

"Fine," responded Farmer Marigold, heartily. "I shall be glad to have him, provided, of course, he knows how to behave, because I have a young lady guest also, and I want no rudeness."

"Oh, I won't be rude," said Tommy. "I'll say 'Please' and 'Thank you', and 'Excuse me', and all those things. You see if I don't!"

"All right then," said Farmer Marigold," there's no reason why you shouldn't stay."

"And who is the young lady?" put in Professor Smellgood. Farmer Marigold looked very grave. Then he took Professor Smellgood aside and whispered in his ear. "Now mum's the word," he said. "Understand? I'd get into trouble if it was known."

"Rely on me," responded the Professor. "I shall keep your secret. But my! it certainly is exciting!"

"What's exciting?" asked Tommy.

"Never you mind," retorted Farmer Marigold, hastily. "That's the worst about secrets, everybody wants to know them."

Well, Tommy settled down at the farm-house in great contentment. Indeed, he was so taken up with his surroundings he did not remember until after the Professor had left that he had forgotten to get a magic stone from him in case he got into trouble. However, it did not seem possible that he would get into trouble in such a nice place as this, so he dismissed the matter from his mind.



THEY ATE THEIR BREAD AND BUTTER AND HONEY

When supper time came, he was introduced to the young lady boarder, who was a little girl about his own age named Petaletta, with wonderful blue eyes, and even more wonderful golden hair, and the cutest dimple imaginable. And if that was not enough, all you had to do was to hear her laugh. Tommy liked her from the start, and she seemed to like him.

"If you get up early enough," she said, as they ate their bread and butter and honey, "you will hear the Field Fairies sing as they march to the meadows. They sing fine."



"ISN'T IT AWFUL?"

"All right," said Tommy, "I'll certainly get up early, for you bet I'd like to hear them."

So early the next morning just as the sun was rising, he sprang out of his bed, which was made of woven grass stuffed with clover blossoms, and rushed to the window. And there, coming along the clean, white roadway,

were the Fragrant Field Fairies on their way to work, marching four abreast like soldiers, and singing like birds. And as they came nearer Tommy could hear the words of their song which went like this—

Oh, fare if you will to the ends of the earth, It still is a fact undenied,
True happiness, oh, you never will know
Till a fairy has served as your guide.
So just let your fancy go wander astray—
Dream for a while—you will find it will pay,
As you and your fairy then journey away,
As you travel away, and away—

Over the hills to Gladtown, Swift as the falcon flies; Down in the Joyful Valleys, Under the laughing skies. Where all the birds are singing, And all the bells are ringing— Over the hills to Gladtown, Far from the Land of Sighs.

Tramp, tramp, tramp they went, past Farmer Marigold's place, and on, and on, and on until their voices died away in the distance.

"Jumping grasshoppers!" exclaimed Tommy, as he hustled on his clothes; "but maybe I don't like this place!"

When he went down to breakfast, Farmer Marigold told him to hurry for he was going to take him to the great glass Field Laboratory to see the perfume taken from the flowers. And after Tommy had eaten about twice as much bread and boney as he had the night before, they set out, riding this time on a seven year locust the farmer had in his stable, and which made a terrible racket as they went along.

"I don't like this animal nearly as well as a butterfly," said Tommy.



BROAD-LILY-LEAF CROUCHED THE PRINCESS PETALETTA

"Now," said Farmer Marigold, "I'm no professor, but I can show you what is to be shown. Follow me."

Into the huge glass enclosure they went, and taking a seat on a balcony, watched the swarms of Fragrant Fairylanders bring in the flowers and pack them away in the enclosure, the walls of which were coated with some glistening white stuff.

"What is that?" asked Tommy.

"That," said Farmer Marigold, "is another secret. In fact we have lots of secrets here. But I'll tell you this much, if it wasn't for that white stuff the flowers wouldn't give up their perfume. We call it magicfat. You know how honey can coax a bee. Well, this magicfat coaxes the flowers, and coaxes them, until by and by they let it take all their perfume; and then we take it away from the magicfat and send it to Professor Smellgood at the main laboratory where it is tested and blended, and put in elegant glass bottles and sent out into the world to your mamma and other ladies. See?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "I see. And I think you fairies are awfully smart."

"Well, I should say we were smart," said Farmer Marigold. "If ever you see a stupid fairy, let me know. And as for Professor Smellgood, if I had that fellow's brains I'd go out of my head with joy, so I s'pose it's just as well I haven't got 'em."

And then he stopped suddenly as a field fairy from his farm rushed into the laboratory and whispered in his ear.

"What?" shouted Farmer Marigold, leaping to his feet. "The Princess Petaletta carried off? Impossible!"

Rushing out of the laboratory he sprang on his seven year locust and dashed away home as fast as he could go.

Tommy, rather bewildered, stood on the steps of the laboratory gazing after him. "What's up?" he asked of a group of, fairy farmers conversing nearby.

"Why," said a tall, thin Fragrant Fairylander, "didn't you hear what he said? A dragon-fly, has carried off the Princess Petaletta. Isn't it awful?"

Tommy gasped. "Why—why, he didn't say anything about a dragon-fly. Do you mean one of those long bodied things with pop eyes and stiff, gauzy wings?"

"Exactly," responded the Fragrant Fairylander. "I'm awfully afraid of them. They're always carrying off somebody, but when it comes to carrying off the Princess, that's another thing."

"But I don't understand," said Tommy. "Who is this Princess? There was an awfully nice little girl staying at Farmer Marigold's place named Petaletta, but of course she wasn't a princess."

"Sure, she was," put in another fairy farmer. "She was staying at the farm what they call *incognito*—that is, not letting on who she was, so she wouldn't be bothered with princes running out there trying to marry her. But I guess it would have been better if the king had sent a bodyguard along with her, for I'm afraid she's done for now. It takes a mighty brave person to fight a dragon-fly."

"Just the same," said Tommy, "I'm going to fight it. I'm not going to let any old dragon-fly get away with a girl as nice as Petalettà. No siree!"

With that he marched down the road in the direction of Farmer Marigold's place, and the further he marched the more determined he was to rescue the Princess Petaletta.

"It isn't because she's a princess," he said to himself. "It's because she's Petaletta, and because she's so nice. Gee whiz! If only the Professor had given me a magic stone, I'll bet I could rescue her sure."

However, Professor Smellgood had not given him any magic stone, so Tommy had to do the best he could. "Let me see," he muttered, "if I remember right, dragon-flies always like to fly over ponds and such places, where water lilies grow; and I've often seen them clinging to pussy willows sticking up out of the water." So he asked the first traveller he met where the nearest lake was.

"Why," said the traveller, "there's only one lake in Fragrant Fairyland Farms, and that is Lemonade Lake on the other side of those woods."

"Thank you," said Tommy, and set off for the lake as fast as he could.

(To be continued)

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER X.-PETER PEW, THE TIN PEDDLER AND HIS RAG-BAGS

I T was not hard after that to tell the farmer all about the monkey and the pumpkin.

He was almost as much pleased to hear how cunning the monkey had been, as he was when he thought that his son Tobe had been so smart as to get the monkey into the pumpkin to draw a crowd and let everyone know that he raised fine vegetables and that son Tobe sold them.

"Now I want to hire that monkey to stay right here until the fair is over," he said. "I will see that he is well taken care of, and I will pay what you think it is worth."

"Oh, you needn't pay! We are so glad that you are not angry about the pumpkin being all dug out!" cried Bee eagerly.

Billy Boy gave her a little pinch, all in vain; he didn't dare to give her a great pinch, for fear she would cry out.

He pushed her aside and stood up very straight before the farmer. "I am the monkey's brother—I mean I am the girl's brother that owns the monkey."

Billy Boy grew the more confused because the girls and boys laughed. But he held his head up and spoke very slowly and distinctly: "We don't ask any pay for the monkey except the pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern, when the fair is over!"

"You shall have it," said the farmer heartily. "And a monster of a jack-o'-lantern it will be!"

Then all the Pekoe boys and girls—the very little ones who had laughed at Billy Boy when his speech became a little mixed—shouted and cheered. And the monkey came out and danced about on the outside of the pumpkin and cheered, too.

"Oh, dear, I don't know what we shall do if we have got to have that monkey here all the rest of the fair!" said the cross girl at the next table. "He'll change the labels on everything before he gets through!"

"I'm afraid he does do that," said Bee, looking troubled. "I'm
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BILLY BOY ASKING FOR THE MONKEY

afraid he mixed up the pumpkin and the drum and himself and the yellow-capped monkey."

Then Bee told the farmer all about the queer mistakes that had been made, and the farmer stroked his chin as people sometimes do when they are trying to remember things.

"I was trying to think where I saw a monkey with a yellow cap. Now I remember!" he said. "I was in my son's store, in Gobang, yesterday, when a farm-wagon went by, and on the seat were a girl and a monkey with a yellow cap. She seemed very much pleased, as if she had just got the monkey."

"That's just what we heard before," said Pinky Jones. "Beppo ran away from his cruel master and jumped into a farmwagon and was driven away. Oh, don't you know where the wagon was going?"

"No, I don't" answered the farmer. "Those wagons come to Gobang from all the country around, and I don't know one from another."

"Oh, I shall never see my dearest Beppo again!" wept Pinky. "Well now, if they sent you this monkey instead, I wouldn't complain!" said the farmer. "That was only a common monkey and this is a very uncommon one!"

"This one isn't really mine at all," said Pinky Jones. She told the farmer the whole story; how the Italian from whom she had bought the yellow-capped monkey had stolen him away from her and sold him to Bee, and then sent Bee the wrong monkey.

"She only calls him half mine to make me feel better," added Pinky Jones. "And, anyway, the one you are fond of is the one you want, no matter how many nicer ones there may be."

All the Pekoe boys and girls said they hoped the yellow-capped monkey would be found, and the farmer said so, and the sailor, and even the cross girl.

"But he never will be found," whispered Bob Brown to Tommy 'Philbrick. "Let the girls think so, if they want to! Pinky Jones thinks she can find him because he had on a yellow cap—as if half the monkeys didn't have yellow caps."

That was on the way home. They set out for home before it was late because they wanted to know whether the drum for

the Pekoe Guards had come by express from Gobang. The Guards were still a little anxious about their drum and very eager to see it. Everybody wanted to see the expressman.

Orlando, who had run away with the automobile, had not yet come back. He had been sent to take care of the children, but Billy Boy said he felt as if they ought to have taken care of Orlando, for everyone knew that Orlando always wanted to know what made anything go. He wanted to know so much that he would forget everything else.

But they needn't telephone all over the country after him. Orlando was honest and he would come back.

Pinky Jones was driving home with her father, but just before they all reached Pekoe a thunder-shower came up. It was heavy for a September thunder-shower, and Pinky and her father went into the Browns' to wait until it was over.

Peter Pew, the tin-peddler, Orlando's brother, came driving up, and took shelter with his tin-wagon in the Browns' barn.

Bee was always glad when Peter Pew came with his tinwagon, because he let her rummage in his rag-bags and take all the pretty pieces that she wanted to dress her dolls.

The dress-makers all sold their rags to Peter Pew and one could always find beautiful bits of silk and ribbon and lace in his rag-bags.

When Billy Boy told Peter what Orlando had done, Peter said he must go and look after that boy. Peter was fifty and Orlando was forty, and Peter always called Orlando "that boy."

He said he would get a bicycle in the village and try to catch up with the automobile that had run away with that boy!

He wouldn't admit that Orlando had run away with the automobile. He said that when a carriage ran along without any horse it wasn't natural and you couldn't tell what it would do with a poor boy. Peter Pew was sort of old-fashioned about automobiles!

When Pinky Jones knew that the Peter Pew rag-bags were to stay in the barn till the next day, and that she and Bee might take out all the pieces for dolls' clothes that they liked, she coaxed her father to let her stay all night with Bee.

(To be continued)



JOHNNY pressed his nose against the window pane until it was all flattened out like the nose of Auntie's little Pekingese pup, and he watched the rain as it fell, drop by drop, drip-drip. Jamey flattened his nose against the window pane, too, and watched the rain falling, drip-drop.

Then Johnny said, "Perhaps, if we ask it, very politely, to stop raining, it will do it, Jamey."

"Perhaps it will, Johnny," said Jamey. "Let's try!"

So Johnny said, "Please, rain, won't you go away, so we can play?"

And Jamey said, "Please, rain, won't you go away, so we can play?"

But the rain didn't pay any attention to Johnny, and it didn't pay any attention to Jamey, either.

So Johnny said, "Perhaps, if we ask Grandma to tell us a story, she will."

And Jamey said, "Perhaps she will. Let's try, anyway."

So away they ran, hoppity-skip, to Grandma's room. There Grandma sat, rocking and knitting, knitting and rocking.

"Grandma," said Johnny, "won't you please tell Jamey and me a story?"

And, "Oh, Grandma," said Jamey, "won't you please, please tell Johnny and me a story?"

Grandma laid down her knitting, and pushed her glasses up on her forehead; then she said, "Yes, Johnny and Jamey, I will tell you a story. I will tell you the story of how your little white rabbit happened to have such very long ears. Of course, you know that their great-great-grandmother didn't have long ears when she was a child rabbit. She had tiny little pointed ones, just like a pussy cat's.

"Now, the mother of the great-great-grandmother of your rabbit, was a great friend of the mother of the great-great-grandmother of the little crab that you see every day when you go down to play on the beach. But the child rabbit and the child crab didn't like to play with each other very well, because the crab liked to play in the mud, and the rabbit didn't like to play in the mud. It got her nice white paws all dirty.

It happened that the birthdays of the rabbit and the crab came on the very same day, so the mothers of the rabbit and the crab decided that they would have just one party for both of them down on the beach. They decided not to tell the little rabbit anything about it until it was all ready. But one day the little crab got very, very angry at the little rabbit, because she wouldn't come and play in the mud. So he said, "I'm going to have a birthday party day after to-morrow, and I'm not going to invite you, either."

Now, of course, the little crab was fibbing, but the little rabbit didn't know this, and she felt very, very sad. When she



THE GRANDFATHER CRAB PULLED AS HARD AS HE COULT

came home, that night, she asked her mamma if the little crab was really going to give a party and not ask her, but her mamma wouldn't tell her a single thing about it.

The little rabbit was very curious. Of course, everybody is a little bit curious, but the little rabbit was very, very curious, indeed. So the day before the party, she went, just as quietly as she could, to the crab's house, and put her ear, just as close as she could, to the crack in the stone that was the crab's window, and listened. Of course, she knew that this was very, very naughty, but she listened as hard as she could, just the same.

Now, it happened that the old grandfather crab was sitting near the crack that made the window, and when something came in front of the crack, and shut off the light, he was very, very much annoyed, so he just reached out two of his claws, and took hold of the little rabbit's two pink ears, and pulled, and pulled as hard as he could. The little rabbit pulled and pulled, too, just as hard as she could. Then her ears began to stretch, and they stretched and they stretched, and just as it seemed as though they couldn't stretch any more, the crab lost his hold and over he went, backwards, and over rolled the little rabbit onto the sand.

She ran home just as fast as she could, to have her ears bandaged up, because they were very sore. They were so sore, indeed, that she had to stay in bed all the next day and couldn't go to the party. And from that day to this, all rabbits have had long ears, just on account of the curiosity of their great-great-grandmother.

"Oh!" said Johnny, and, "Oh!" said Jamey.

Then Johnny remembered to be polite and he said, "Thank you, Grandma," and Jamey said, "Thank you, Grandma," too.

And Grandma said, "You are welcome, Johnny and Jamey, but didn't I see two little boys listening at the keyhole this morning when their mother was talking to their father about their birthday?"

But Johnny and Jamey had run to the window and were looking out. "Oh! see Grandma!" they said. "It has stopped raining, now we can go out and play!"



CHAPTER XI.—THE THREE BEARS.

NCE upon a time, as you no doubt remember, there lived in a far country a little girl called Goldilocks who started off into the wood one day to gather flowers. You know the story of how she found the house of The Great Big Bear, and The Middle-Sized Bear and The Little Tiny Bear. and you know how she jumped out of the window when the three bears came home. Listen, and you shall hear what happened afterwards.

As soon as Goldilocks had jumped out of the window, she was lost to sight in the wood. "I will follow her," said the Great Big Bear in his great big voice, "and I will punish her!"

"I will catch her and spank her," declared The Middle-Sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.

"I will find her and tell her what I think," cried The Little Tiny Bear.

So they all started downstairs to try to catch Goldilocks in the wood.

But no sooner had The Great Big Bear gone downstairs than he saw his great big bowl of porridge upon the table. He forgot about Goldilocks, for he was hungry, and he took up the great big bowl of porridge and sat down to the table to eat it comfortably.

And no sooner had they come downstairs than The Middle-Sized Bear found the cushion of the middle-sized chair all mussed up where Goldilocks had sat in it before she tried The Little Tiny Bear's chair that broke down. So The Middle-



Sized Bear took up the cushion to fix it neat and tidy, and she forgot all about following Goldilocks to give her the spanking.

But The Little Tiny Bear did not forget Goldilocks and he ran out of the door and into the wood as fast as ever he could go. By and by, he came

to a pretty house at the edge of the wood and, as the door was open, he went right in, after he had knocked politely.

There was nobody at home.

He went first into the dining-room. The table was all nicely set for tea. On it were three saucers of blackberries. The first saucer was a great big saucer of blackberries. The second saucer was a middle-sized saucer of blackberries and there was also a little tiny saucer of blackberries. Three cakes were on the table, too. There was a great big cake, and a middle-sized cake and a little tiny cake.

Now The Little Tiny Bear liked blackberries and when he saw the great big saucer of blackberries, he looked at it longingly; but he did not touch it. The berries in it were great big berries and very, very ripe. How tempting they did look to the Little Tiny Bear! "I won't touch what doesn't belong to me."

he thought. Then he looked at the middle-sized saucer of black-berries.

The middle-sized saucer of blackberries was not as nice as the saucer of great big blackberries, though there were nice berries in it. "I cannot take even one," The Little Tiny Bear said to himself. "I would not touch what does not belong to me." Then he passed by the saucer that was little tiny, too, though the berries in it looked most tempting and he was sure that a few of them would not have been missed if he *had* eaten them.

He looked at the great big cake longingly.

He looked at the middle-sized cake and wanted it.

He looked right at the little tiny cake and felt that it would surely be a good mouthful, but he did not touch it. He went right on into the parlor.

Nobody was in the parlor and at first The Little Tiny Bear thought he might sit down and wait for somebody to come home, but he decided not to, though he was quite tired from running through the wood so hard. There was a great big comfortable chair and there was a middle-sized chair and there was a little tiny chair to choose from, but The Little Tiny Bear had not been invited to stay in the parlor and he did not sit down on any one of them.

"I will go upstairs and see if I can find Goldilocks," The Little Tiny Bear said to himself. So he trotted up into the bedroom. There he saw three beds. There was a great big bed. There was a middle-sized bed. There was a little tiny bed. "How comfortable," thought The Little Tiny Bear. "How I would like to lie down and take a nap!" The great big bed looked most inviting. The middle-sized bed looked quite delightful. The little tiny bed was the nicest little tiny bed that there could possibly be. But The Little Tiny Bear had been taught that one must not lie on a clean white spread of any bed in day-time and that it was not polite to go to sleep that way.

So he passed by the great big bed that looked so comfortable. He passed by the middle-sized bed that seemed so inviting. He passed by the little tiny bed that was just exactly right, and as

he passed by into the next room, he came face to face with Goldilocks herself. Her middle-sized mother and her great big



HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH GOLDILOCKS

father stood there too.

But The Little Tiny Bear was not at all frightened for he had done no wrong. "I came to tell Goldilocks that she had eaten all my porridge; I came to tell Goldilocks that she had broken my chair; I came to tell Goldilocks that she had mussed up my nice little bed," he said. "I came to tell Goldilocks that it was not at all polite."

"It was not right to eat up your porridge," declared Goldilocks' great big father in a great big voice.

"It was not right to sit in your little tiny chair and

break it all down," said Goldilocks' middle-sized mother in her middle-sized voice.

"It was not polite to sleep upon your fresh white bed and muss it all up," cried Goldilocks, "and I'll never do any such thing again, because I'm sorry for it all."

Then The Little Tiny Bear said he forgave her and would like to have her come to play some day and she walked home halfway through the wood and they were friends ever after.

JEWELS

See the diamonds, see the rubies, shining in the grass! Sunbeams touch the dewdrops—thus it comes to pass! M. J. H.

THIS DANDY PAINT BOX

Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is a plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$2.00 a year, but they can have it four months for 50c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 50c. each. You send \$3.00 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending 1t.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish, you to stop sending it.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

THIS COUPON IS A MONEY SAVER

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 50 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.





SOMETHING FOR YOUR PARTY

A MAY DAY CELEBRATION

I F May Day is pleasant, of course you will want to spend it out of doors, with a May Pole and a picnic lunch and all the out-door games you can think of—and, of course, a May Queen. But May Day isn't always, pleasant, and not everybody can have a picnic, even if it is; so let's think what we can do to have a happy May Day indoors. Girls like May parties better than boys do, so we'll suppose that you are all girls this time.

Ask Mother if you may give a Sunshine Party on May Day for your friends—perhaps for your Sunday School class and your teacher. You will need some rolls of pretty colored crepe paper and some round paper cases such as are used for making candy-basket favors. The first thing you and your guests can do, with the help of scissors and paste, is to make

some cunning wee May-baskets. If you cannot get any of the spring flowers, with which to fill your baskets, buy ahead of time some after-dinner mints or small candies, and then all of you can fill the baskets together. If you know any sick children, or if you live near a children's hospital, I don't know of a happier way to give yourself and your guests a glad May Day than for you to take these little May baskets to children who are not well enough to go to any parties at all.

enough to go to any parties at all.

Of course you will know some good games to play, and when you are hungry ask Mother to help you serve refreshments picnic style. or if Mother is willing, it would be nice to have a real supper for your guests, serving such things as creamed chicken with peas,

potato chips, cake and jelly.



This Beautiful Locket FREE To Any Little Girl

Here is a charming little novelty that is sure to bring delight to the fortunate little girl who owns it. Every little girl loves a locket and this little butterfly locket, worn on a fine chain or narrow ribbon, is just what will look prettiest with your new summer

is just what will look prettiest with your new summer dresses.

We offer you your choice of a gay little butterfly fluttering against a lovely mother-of-pearl background, or a locket with a back of beautiful, shining blue butterflywing. Also, you may have your choice of gold-filled or sterling silver rim. Please state your preference in these two matters, as this is important in filling your order. These lockets are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the daintiest "little girl" size imaginable. You will be more than pleased with them. By arrangement with the manufacturer, prices will be quoted on larger lockets to anyone desiring them.

One of these lockets sent for four new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks. not your own, or for \$2.50 cash.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM MASS.



A Ball With Your Name on it

A ball is—a ball. That's just the matter with it. If you lose it, and someone else finds it, how does anybody know that it's your ball?

But a Ball with your name painted on it to stay-that's a different matter. Why, you can't lose a ball like that! It will come back can't lose a ball fike that! It will come back to you every time—because of your name. That's one thing that makes the balls shown above different from and better to own than any others. All you have to do is tell us the name you want on the ball—be sure to write it plainly.

Another thing that makes these balls different is the design painted by hand on each one. You may choose the design you like: Tabby, Towser, Bunny, Jumbo, Ducky-Daddles or Cock-a-doodle.

The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of

The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of

The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of fine quality rubber, good for use indoors or out. The picture does not begin to do the balls justice.

Remember, you can buy a ball for ten cents, but it's only a ball. Your Ball—with your name painted on it—as well as a handsome design, will cost 35c., but it will be worth it, because it will be yours and yours only. If you prefer, you may send one new yearly subscription to Little Folks, not your own, and earn the ball you want

Don't forget to say which design you want. and, above all things, the name you wish painted on your ball.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.



SOMETHING FOR AFTER-SCHOOL

MAKING SUGAR CRYSTALS

BY S. L. BASTIN

T is interesting to make sugar crystals which are very good to eat when they have been prepared. For this you will want a very strong solution of sugar and water. Into a glass jar put some hot water and then begin stirring in sugar. Keep on doing this until the water will hardly dissolve any more sugar. If the water cools while you are stirring in the sugar, pour it into a pan and place on the stove so that it can be made hot again. When you have your sugar solution hot in the glass jar suspend a piece of thick twine into it. This is easily managed by resting a small stick

across the mouth of the jar and tying the twine to this. Do not let the twine reach quite to the bottom of the jar. Then set the jar aside in some place where you can watch it quietly. Quite soon you will see the most beautiful sugar crystals beginning to form on the twine and these will steadily increase. When the solution has cooled take out the twine and you will have a splendid string of crystals which, when dried, will glisten in the light. These are, of course, good to eat. Quite often you can get several strings of crystals from each solution that is made up.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LETTER BAG

THE Editor of the Letter Bag has received letters from the following children, which she regrets that, owing to the lack of room and the great number of waiting letters, she will be unable to publish. She hopes you will all write again, and that next time your letter will find a place in the Letter Bag. All of you who have sent letters and whose names are not listed below, will probably have your letters printed as soon as there is room for them. Correspondence requests have been put aside, and will be printed as soon as there is

space.

Hazel Ernst, Edith Davenport, Lucille Bishop, Zuella Dooly, Louise Shoffner, Rosalind Katiepolt, Alvin Crews, Marguerite Vance, Thelma McClanahan, Helen Yentzer, Helen Hibner, Naomi Wilson, Ethel Townsend, Martha Freeman, Elberta Abel, Helen Brady, Helen Kaufman, Carol Shepard, Helen Onan, Josephine Birkley, R. Marguerite Scott, Lois McCollum, Barbara Simmons, Evelyn Hatt, Beth Elorey, Lois Darling, Dorothy Childress. Beth Florey, Lois Darling, Dorothy Childress, Doris Greene, Gladys Snyder, Henrietta Big-gerstaff, Frances Dearborn, Lucille Hayman, Ruth Garfield, Daisy Hildreth, Gladys Campbell, Iris Patterson, Verlie Root, Virginia Webber, Alice Goodwin, Dorothy Storms, Helen Eastin, Lois Roseland, Mary Mitchell, Madeline Duigan, Helen Stewart, Elsie Perry, Madeline Duigan, Helen Stewart, Elsie Perry, Bonnie Bess Cramer, Lucy Hayward, Beatrice Farr, Mary Collins, Kathryn Aber, Kathryn Minick, Evelyn Krause, Linea Carlson, Gertrude Griess, Eleanor Womer, Ramona Bell, Frances Boughn, Dorothy Perkins, Eleanor Mathews, Elizabeth Ruff, Margaret Morrow, Genevieve Jeffries, Justine Comstock, Elinor Foskett, Annette Budolphi, Anna Kready, Lucia Dewell, Geraldine Harrell, Winifred Webster, Edna Bell, Alice Jordan, Lucille Mero, Lois Lasateo, Sarah Belcher, Jocelyn Moffat, Edna Mills, Marjory Snyder, Adda Butt, Vernie Thompson, Mary Ruckel, Flora Henkelman, Annie Estes, Mildred Hacker, Elizabeth Dolan, Florence Downy, Erma

Keefer, Margaret Wood, Janie Brown, Hyssylene Brockman, Dorothy Kreinwinkel, Ruth Currier, Marion Davis, Darline Pfeifer, Thelma Kirker, Henryola Effers, Clarine Johnson, Effie Rumfield, Elaine Ridgeley, Clarinda Moser, Ruth Burdick, Peggy Wag-ner, Winifred Parker, Irene Neuman, Quentina Reislay, Mary Royce, Kotia Davis, Vivian Brisley, Mary Boyce, Katie Davis, Vivian Johnson, Janice McKenzie, Mary Shrader, Constance Downs, Ruth Blair, Grace Ransom, Irma Pate, Sarah Whittaker, Katherine Carson, Beatrice Carty, Helen Grimm, Jeanetta Compton, Elda Trask, Marion Hunt, Grace Van Buren, Edna Hepworth, Edith Gleason, Marian Herrick, Lyanita Armstropa, Bassia Director ian Herrick, Juanita Armstrong, Bessie Divoky, Zilla Chase, Elizabeth Spencer, Edith Loud, Zilla Chase, Elizabeth Spencer, Edith Loud, Grace Densmore, Dorothy Kippenhan, Frances Stoppenbeck, Myrtle Frye, Charlotte Lavietes, Gertrude Ingle, Kathryn Payne, Martha Hesler, Leone Dale, Elizabeth Baker, Alice Hare, Lillie Stauffer, Elizabeth Krouger, Ethel Ketcham, Gertrude Anderson, Elizabeth Ustick, Marjodie Hubler, Janey Strickland, All of these letters were very interesting, and the Editor was indeed glad to receive them; but when so few letters out of such a

them; but when so few letters out of such a great number may be printed, she finds it necessary to choose those letters which the largest number of readers will enjoy. When you write a letter for the Letter Bag, try to remember that what may seem like a very ordinary matter to you, may be full of interest for someone else. The things you see and do each day some other child does not see and do at all. Letter Bag from a real live boy or girl how gold is mined or sugar made than to read it out of a book—don't you think so? But not very many of us live near gold mines or sugar plantations, any more than all of us go to the country for a vacation or live in the biggest manufacturing city in the world, or on a ranch. Do you see what I mean? Write about the things that you think will interest other boys and girls.



A MOVING PICTURE SHOW

I am writing to tell you how to make a moving picture show. Cut out of the funny papers lengthwise strips of the pictures, leavpapers lengthwise strips of the pictures, leaving margin on each side so that they can all be pasted together in a row. Now take a piece of drawing paper and cut slits about two inches from each edge, each slit deep enough to let your strips of pictures pass through easily. Wind the pictures on a pencil through easily. Wind the pictures on a pencil or long stick, beginning at the end of the picture and working back so that the first of the picture is the last to be wound. Slip the first end of the picture up through the slit on the right-hand edge of the paper, across the paper and down through the left-hand slit. Pull on the side without the pencil until all the pictures have been unwound. You can pin your "screen" on the wall and have your audience sit in chairs. Two rows are enough, for if there are more they cannot see well. You can make signs to advertise your show. saying something like this: ADMISSION 6 PINS. SIX REEL FEATURE.

THE GREAT COMEDY

MUTT AND JEFF SEE MUTT AND IEFF TO-NIGHT

Run the first picture through the slits here so that is all that shows.

Doris Kennedy.

HOW TO MAKE A BANK

Do you want to make a bank? If you do, get a match box and some nice, smooth wrapping paper. Cut a piece long enough and wide enough to fit your box. Then cut the paper to fit one end of the box, and then the other. Cut a hole in the top of the box large enough for a silver dollar to slip through easily, and there is your bank. My address is 135 West Tulare St., Tulare, Calif., and I would be glad to have someone write to me.

Thelma Thompson.

HIDDEN PROVERBS

"Here is my favorite puzzle. Write these words on a piece of paper—Tame any time want for go mad. Now change one letter in each of the words in order, and you can form a well-known proverb."

The Editor suggests that you select other proverbs you know, and see of you can't make the same sort of puzzle out of them. Here is another that the Editor just made up:

A bard is she land in forth too it tho hush.

What do you make of it?

Evelyn Bell.

A FRIEND-BOX

If you have a friend or cousin that you don't see very often, it's lots of fun to have a friend-box. First, get a box measuring about six by eight inches, and then put into it things that have to do with the person the friend-box stands for; things like their picture, a lock of their hair, letters from them, pieces of their new dresses. It's nice to make things for them and keep them in the friend-box. Marian Williams.

LEAF AND FLOWER PICTURES

Would you like to make pictures of leaves and flowers which you could keep a long time? If you would, collect the leaves or flowers you want, and press them until they are real dry Then get a large piece of cardboard and paste the leaves or flowers on it, and write the name under each flower or leaf. Fasten waxed paper over it, with a little paste. The flower or leaf pictures will keep a long time. I would like to hear from any of you that have success in making pictures like these.

Dorothy Converse.
Editor's note:—Some people say that flowers pressed between layers of cotton wadding will keep their color better than those pressed in any other way. Leaves may be dipped in parafine and pressed with a slightly warm iron. They will be glossy and keep their color finely. Press them after using the parafine coating.

WRITING ON AN EGG

Most Little Folks readers have been telling how to make something, so I thought I would tell you how to write on an egg. Here is the manner in which the trick is done. Use grease instead of ink in writing on the surface of the egg. Then place the egg in a cup or vessel of vinegar and let it remain there for an hour. On removal it will be found that all portions of the egg have been shrunk except the part upon which the grease has been placed.

A BOOK OF PAPER DOLLS

Cut out some paper dolls, boys, girls, babies, women and men, and after you have cut out a large number, make a book of folded sheets of paper, with a cover of any sort you choose. Paste your dolls on the sheet of paper. I think they are pretty, and I go and look at mine quite often.

Ellen Robinette.

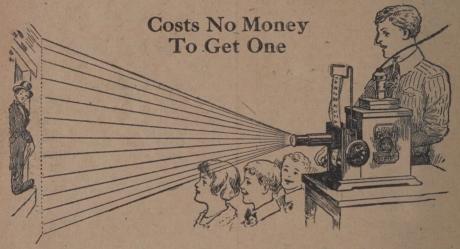
Sadye N. Parrott.



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Onc't there was a Little Boy

NCE there was a little boy
Wouldn't brush his teeth
And when he went to bed one night,
And snuggled underneath
The great, warm covers, Oh, dear me!
He had a dreadful dream.
Some goblins came and chased him
Till they made that poor boy scream
And when at last they caught him,
They dragged him far away,
And changed him to an old, old man,
With hair of silvery grey.
He didn't have a single tooth
He couldn't eat a bite,
His nose and chin they almost touched

He was a dreadful sight.

The goblins danced and capered'round And shouted in their glee,

"A boy who will not brush his teeth,

"A man like this will be."

Next morning when that boy awoke, He bounded out of bed.

"Get me my Colgate's Dental Cream,

"And tooth-brush, quick," he said.

"From this day on, I'll brush my teeth"
Then added, with a shout

"No goblins shall catch me

"With my TEETH

ALL

Submitted with apologies to James Whitcomb Riley



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S. E. CASSINO," Salem, Mass,

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